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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER

Oregon, Washington, Idaho—Rain

SAFETY WITHIN THE LAW.

There is safety within the law for all men; especially for those whose daily pursuits and business are prescribed by the law; and the wholesomest course any individual can pursue is that line which traverses the inner range and intent of the legal statute, ordinance and principle set up for us all.

Familiarity with these prescriptive regulations has been known to breed a certain indifference, if not contempt, among those whose recourse to them has been irksome and who misconstrue or undervalue them; and this is especially true of civic ordinances. These laws are often looked upon superficially, as of lesser importance and force than the statutes for instance; but as to original intent, efficacy, and potency, within their peculiar range, they are of as vital and obligatory essence as any other laws, and are entitled to the same consideration on all sides, including the citizen as well as the administrative agent.

They are the near-bulwark of a given constituency; they are theegis of millions of property; they are the first recourse for relief and protection of person, place and property; they are the closest rules of action to the people they effect, and finally, they have the same identical sanction that invests the ultimate law of the land. Upon such a predicate, they are entitled to a far stricter interpretation and observance than they are wont to get.

It has been hinted that certain of the Astoria ordinances have been subject to this indifferent handling at the hands of councils in the past; that this matter is recognized by the officers and councilmen in succession and that a decided change is to be wrought in the strict construction and exploitation of the ordinances. This is excellent and timely and will be widely and promptly approved by the people here.

OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Vienna, W. Va.—"I feel that I owe the last ten years of my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Eleven years ago I was a walking shadow. I had been under the doctor's care but got no relief. My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like a charm. It relieved all my pains and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. EMMA WHITEHEAD, Vienna, W. Va.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaint, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

A BREATHING SPELL.

Oregonians are to have a breathing spell of at least 20 months from the turmoil and exactions of politics. This is an especially grateful conclusion after the miserable fiasco at Salem in Tuesday. We need a long and unhampered season for thought, for the weighing of men, of measures, of causes and effects, of blunders, of policies and pleas and the safer course of procedure that shall re-invest the Republican party with the confidence of the people and their spontaneous support. We might as well face the situation with the courage wrought of disaster and make the most and best of the lessons at hand.

There is something radically wrong. That is beyond all cavil and denial. We must go honestly to the bottom of our weaknesses and tone our organism up to standards that have been forsaken in the littler pursuits; and with a score of months to fathom the depth of folly and fratricidal politics, we should be able to solve the problem and apply the curative courses that shall make for rehabilitation and normal influence. Numerically we are "in the saddle," constructively and potentially, we are on the ground and in danger of being pawed to death.

Our plight abroad is not very much better than it is at home. We have not any too cordial a footing at Washington, and are not likely to have a better for the next year. There is much to do, and fortunately plenty of time to do it. Only, we must get nearer to the popular side of things and stay there; we are to cultivate a better political wisdom and a truer conception of what the people really want and form our judgments with less reliance upon the old and worn-out party precepts and predicates. This is the 20th century and the people still live as we have been taught to our sorrow and self-contempt as a party.

EDITORIAL WING-SHOTS.

A thoughtful citizen yesterday suggested that it might be a good idea for our Water Commissioners to ordain the attachment of "bleeders" to the mains throughout the city, as a precaution against being put out of business by freezes hereafter. The idea is not a bad one, and inexpensive when compared with the costs incident to a water tie-up.

With a fellow can dip his hat full of water from the string-piece of any Astoria dock, there is plenty of water meeting here from mountain and sea!

We wonder if the New Year celebration of the Chinese means any more to them than our popular anniversary means to us! If not, they are crazier than we thought.

Now that the ice is out of the river there will be a loosening up of mooring lines and the passing of fleets to and from this port. The verb "passing" is one that needs elimination from the local vocabulary, and the sooner the better.

The seven protests that accompanied the seven essential votes needed by Mr. Chamberlain in the Legislature on Tuesday might well have been left unuttered. They are liable to all sorts of construction, none of them complimentary to the protestants.

The sight of a pretty Astorienne in her rubber cloak, boots and sou'wester is one of the things that makes the long wet winter supportable!

A cursory view of the Republican heavens now bending over Oregon reveals no refulgent, beaming, glittering lights that anybody can recognize; most of the "stars" are in eclipse, some have set, many are faintly flickering, even the "rings" are not discernable, and it's a genuine case of waiting for "moonrise!"

STIRS THE JAPANESE.

Trouble Makers In California Keep Government Busy.

TOKIO, Jan. 20.—The diet will convene on January 22. The House of Lords will convene at 9 A. M. and House of Commons at 1 P. M. Marquis Katsura, the premier, will formally present the recently adopted budget. The Seiyukai the constitutional party, has agreed in caucus to support the government policies advocating the development of Japan, resources and the improvement of conditions in Korea and Manchuria. Count Komura will speak shortly on foreign relations and the recent agreement between Japan and the United States. It is announced that questions regarding the postponement of the Tokio Exposition will be vigorously pushed in the House of Commons. It is believed that friends of Count Kaneko have prepared a vigorous opposition campaign.

It is believed here among officials and others that the introduction of anti-Japanese bills in the California Legislature and the subsequent attempt to create the impression that Americans and Japanese are much aroused is merely a continuation of a plan originally determined upon to insure such unfriendliness between the United States and Japan that talk of war will be continued indefinitely. An official of the foreign office, speaking to the Associated Press, said:

"We are absolutely convinced that the people of the State of California and of the United States will always act fairly toward Japan."

O'Brien was a guest of honor at a dinner given by Foreign Minister Kumura today and conversed at length with the foreign minister regarding the entire situation. He said afterward that their informal conversation was satisfactory. Ambassador O'Brien activity is having a favorable effect in influencing the situation in the direction of friendliness between the two nations.

The Hochi, one of the extreme sensationalist newspapers has addressed an open letter to the American Ambassador the term of which is offensive, but the tone insolent. All of the better class of newspapers condemn the Hochi's course and speak in the highest terms of Ambassador O'Brien. The Jiji says this morning: "Evidently the American people are misled by unscrupulous correspondents for American newspapers. The leading thought of Japan, however, does not regard the action of a few people in California as representing the real attitude of either California or the United States. We have politics of our own."

Simple Remedy For La Grippe

Racking la grippe coughs that may develop into pneumonia over night are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar. The sore and inflamed lungs are healed and strengthened, and a dangerous condition is quickly averted. Take only Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package. Owl Drug Store, T. F. Laurin, Prop.

A BUMPTIOUS JUDGE.

Chicago Officer Propose To Run His Court On His Own Lines.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—Threatened with being transferred and having a record of his mistakes published by Chief Justice Olson of the Municipal court, Judge Cleland is still defiant and declares he will continue to run his court in his own way. Objections to his parole system, the main feature of which is the suspended fine during the good behavior of the prisoner, have been voiced by his associates and a committee of judges has been appointed to inquire into the legality of some of his actions.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle

The Winning of Edmonia.

By JANET CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

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There was nothing of the knight errant about Percival Bonney. In the thoughts of Edmonia Turner, thoughts which invariably formed the frowning background to Percival's waking hours, he was discouragingly and moderately inoffensive.

She had once stated succinctly, as was Edmonia's way, that the only thing about him that remotely suggested standing up for itself, was the cowlick at the back of a square and otherwise irreproachably groomed head. The subject of this rather doubtful approval was secretly encouraged in the belief that the cowlick indicated an aggressive spirit which seemed to be the heroic attribute in the imagination of Edmonia's set.

Edmonia's faintly appreciative remark had been inspired in her mother's attic during the rummaging of a rain bound house party, when, upon the discovery of an ancient coat of mail, Percival had pulled it out from under the eaves and had fallen speedily to calculating how many chain discharges it would have made for Mrs. Turner's carefully ordered kitchen.

This was too much for Edmonia. A man who could evolve discharges from the fabric of romance must be lacking in the most rudimentary instincts of civility. It counted for naught with her that Percival Bonney was evincing a business ability that made his father prouder every day or that she had never had a rival in his loyal devotion to her.

She dreamed of the clash of armor and the risks of joust and tourney, a knight who should perform feats of arms for her sake and rescue her, if need be, from a tyrant's might. In the free wholesomeness of American society the tyrant had not appeared, and to do Edmonia justice she really did care a great deal for Percival's allegiance, only she desired a more daring proof.

It was therefore incumbent upon this thoroughly consistent young lady that she steel her heart against the pleasing picture which a tall, broad shouldered, gray clad figure, hat off and light hair tossing in the breeze, made against a morning sky on the first day of one of his erratic autumnal visits near her country home.

She accordingly let her disdainful glance dwell upon his offensively ruddy cheek and ignored his unaffected stare of astonishment at her modern equipage, a brilliantly red automobile at a standstill upon the country road.

"What, ho, Rebecca!" he greeted her when within speaking distance of where she sat in the crimson rambler. "Armed cap-a-pie I see! Is the drawbridge down?" Edmonia smiled tolerantly and gave him her hand.

"But why linger so far from the paternal castle? Has thy gentle palfridge gone lame?"

Edmonia glanced suggestively back along the highway. "I'm waiting for a friend." She said it with conviction. The dusty road stretched in two long, undulating lines in either direction. No one was in sight. Percival's gaze abandoned its quest and returned suspiciously to the crimson rambler.

"Could I," he asked anxiously, "figure in that capacity?" She reddened in turn, then scanned him critically. "Perhaps." She was still rather doubtful of his capabilities. Mentally scolding as inexorable a devotion to his business which had made him hitherto ignore the automobile craze, he flattened himself out after the manner of the ardent automobilist under her car and confided his despair to her tongue.

It was bad enough not to be romantic, but not to be even useful was unbearable. He had not the slightest idea of how to start the machine. He crawled out from under the machine and mounted to the driver's seat. Her sudden accession of trust, inspired by his businesslike manner, provoked him to fresh endeavor. He made a great show of moving brakes, tightening useless screws and peering into the machine while she scanned the scenery.

Whatever he finally did to that automobile to start it Percival does not know. Suddenly it slid out of the shade into the road like a bird from under his hand. "Aha," he cried, with an assurance that he was far from feeling, "I thought so!"

He held a trembling hand upon the wheel and answered irrelevant questions at regular intervals. They were now gliding along between hedgerows of gorgeous autumn color. He began to feel more at ease. Edmonia hummed a little song as old as it was sweet:

The rose that all are praising Is not the rose for me.

He looked at her and in that look forgot his new responsibility. She was gazing steadily down the dusty turnpike, a little smile upon her lips, as though she would see the knight of her dreams in pinned helmet and shining armor riding to bear her away. "He couldn't catch us," said Percival in response to her thought. She started and looked with more interest at her companion. He had spoken in the confidence that is born of ignorance.

"Say, Ted," he continued, "I don't know much about your 'flowers of civility'; I don't even understand the first thing about an aut"—He caught himself up. He positively would not divulge this humiliating fact. He went on more confidently: "But you

are the rose for me, sure, Ted. You must say you will marry me this time," he ended, with an air of desperation, "or I'll"—

The threat was not completed. In the earnestness of his plea Percival had forgotten that he was running an automobile for the first time in his life. They were now going at a tremendous speed and every instant gathering momentum. Edmonia gripped his arm as they lurched around a curve and bounced over a culvert.

"Hang on!" yelled Percival as they approached a slight descent. In his clumsy efforts to control the machine he inadvertently put on more speed. "What are you doing?" screamed Edmonia. "Stop! Why, you are running away with me!" she laughed tremulously.

"Why not?" he shouted wildly, as she thought, recklessly. The idea of stopping was a delectable one now to Percival, but one which he felt that he must abandon. The roadides of streweed and gold-enred faw by like a track of flame. Hens flapped from under his wheels as they passed farmhouses at a rate of speed that made the occupants rush out of doors to stare after them. Out-raged cries followed them when a barking dog was not quick enough to elude those blurring wheels and with a yell of pain rolled over and over into the ditch. Three horses baiting by the roadside in front of another house stampeded as they whizzed by and need them out of sight.

Edmonia now tried to expostulate with her mad cavalier. But Percival said nothing to her almost fearful appeals. His whole attention was concentrated on keeping the thing within the limits of the road.

"Beats Lochinvar!" he yelled breathlessly as they graded a watered cut.

Edmonia moaned. "You are crazy!" she cried. "Let's go home! Oh, take me home!" she commanded him. "Home!" Percival ground the word passionately between his teeth. "You will be lucky if you ever see home again. We shall never stop!" But even as he spoke he felt something respond to his groping fingers. The machine was obeying his controlling hand.

Joy and a relief that rolled over him like a wave made him shout aloud. Edmonia received this new demonstration as the exultation of a captor and commanded and implored by turn. But he did not at once diminish his speed. He knew now that Edmonia had not realized his impotence. He put the machine at a hill and plunged down the other side. Edmonia was clinging to him with wild promises.

He brought the car carefully to a standstill and climbed painfully to the ground. Edmonia was sobbing into her handkerchief. He hoped he was accepting the role of victorious knight modestly, but the iron was hot!

"Ted," he cried, "you've got to keep your promise, you know. I'm not much of a knight, and I don't know how to run"—

His unsuspected confession was interrupted for the second time as she suddenly, to his astonishment, smiled up at him through her tears. "I never was driven like that in my life!" she remarked, with pride. "But—but let's go home in a buggy!"

"Not until we're married," said Percival firmly. Edmonia refused to continue in the car, however, so they walked on to the nearest town, where the minister's fee was the first of a series of more mundane charges which punctuated their homeward journey in the buggy.

But in his new joy, which was only enhanced by pecuniary interludes with the wrathful owners of slaughtered hens, the fearful mistress of an injured dog and damages due to the recovery of errant horses, Percival made it a triumphal journey.

Why He Saved Them.

For weeks upon weeks the heavy rains descended upon the holiday resorts of Lakeswash, and the proprietor of the Punt and Puntpole was looking very blue. Indeed, those two straw hatted, miserable looking objects out in the Lakeswash canoes were the only visitors of the season. The hotel proprietor gloomily watched their clumsy endeavors to navigate their tiny craft. Suddenly, ploop, splash! "Help!" In a moment the hotel proprietor had changed from a sluggish no-nothing to a frenzied rescuer. Putting out rapidly in a boat, he succeeded in reaching the terrified men just at the critical moment.

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" they cried as they scrambled into the boat. "Don't thank me!" growled the hotel keeper. "Thank the weather! Visitors is so scarce this year we can't afford to let even the fools drown! I did it for your board and lodging!"—London Answers.

For a Loaf, All Right.

As the tramp looked at Mrs. Godard he felt a thrill of hope. Here was surely an easy and benevolently inclined person. "Could you gimme a dime to buy a loaf o' bread?" he whined.

Mrs. Godard's guileless soul looked out at him through her misshapen eyes, and she fingered her purse hopefully.

"I have only a quarter here," she said, "and I'm really too tired to walk home."

"Sure, I can change it for you," said the tramp cheerfully as he took out a dime and a nickel, and not until Mrs. Godard was halfway home on the car did it occur to her that there was anything unusual in the transaction.—Yonth's Companion.

Generous.

"What would you do if you went fishing and a whale were to bite your boot?"

THE BAKERONIAN

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JANUARY TIDE TABLE.

JANUARY 1909.

High Water. A. M. P. M. Low Water. A. M. P. M.

Date	h. m.	ft. h. m.	ft.	Date	h. m.	ft. h. m.	ft.		
Friday	8:32	8.4	9:45	6.5	Friday	1:28	2.4	3:35	0.8
Saturday	2:25	8.7	10:50	6.6	Saturday	2:30	2.9	4:35	0.1
SUNDAY	3:10	9.0	11:47	6.8	SUNDAY	3:22	3.1	5:30	0.5
Monday	4:11	9.1	12:41	7.0	Monday	4:17	3.3	6:15	1.0
Tuesday	5:08	9.1	1:32	7.1	Monday	4:17	3.3	6:15	1.0
Tuesday	5:11	9.2	2:22	7.2	Tuesday	5:08	3.5	7:05	1.2
Wednesday	6:12	9.2	3:12	7.1	Wednesday	6:05	3.5	7:35	1.0
Thursday	7:20	9.1	4:05	8.8	Thursday	7:05	3.6	8:14	1.0
Friday	8:35	9.1	5:00	8.5	Friday	8:15	3.5	8:45	0.6
Saturday	9:58	9.0	6:00	8.7	Saturday	9:25	3.6	9:16	0.1
SUNDAY	11:10	8.9	7:05	7.7	SUNDAY	10:32	3.5	9:48	0.4
Monday	12:41	8.8	8:15	7.2	Monday	11:30	3.3	10:15	0.9
Tuesday	1:45	8.5	9:20	6.7	Tuesday	12:10	3.2	10:45	1.4
Wednesday	2:50	7.9	10:20	6.2	Wednesday	1:10	3.0	11:22	2.1
Thursday	4:00	7.5	11:15	5.8	Thursday	2:10	2.7	12:00	2.7
Friday	5:15	7.0	12:05	5.6	Friday	3:10	2.3	12:40	3.5
Saturday	6:40	6.5	1:00	5.6	Saturday	4:10	1.8	1:20	4.5
SUNDAY	8:10	6.0	2:00	5.9	SUNDAY	5:10	1.3	2:00	5.9
Monday	9:50	5.5	3:00	6.5	Monday	6:10	0.8	2:40	7.4
Tuesday	11:40	5.0	4:00	7.2	Tuesday	7:10	0.3	3:20	8.8
Wednesday	1:30	4.5	5:00	7.9	Wednesday	8:10	0.0	4:00	10.2
Thursday	3:20	4.0	6:00	8.6	Thursday	9:10	0.0	4:40	11.6
Friday	5:10	3.5	7:00	9.3	Friday	10:10	0.0	5:20	13.0
Saturday	7:00	3.0	8:00	10.0	Saturday	11:10	0.0	6:00	14.4
SUNDAY	8:50	2.5	9:00	10.7	SUNDAY	12:10	0.0	6:40	15.8

The Quelle The Cornelius

ELEVENTH STREET

Opposite the Bakeronian